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Corinne—Consuelo.

Sweet sister Pleiades! together now
Your beams you mingle in the heaven of fame,
Immortal radiance conjoined you throw
From starry heights, where all men you acclaim.
Rejoice, Corinne! in loneliness so long
Inspired: a sister-planet mounts at last
In triumph, girt with light and song,
Henceforth with thine her equal rays to cast.
Starred tress of Bereuce, shine no more,
And, Crown of Ariadne, hide your fire!
At length your constellated reign is o'er,
A brighter cluster joins the starry choir,
Corinne, Consuelo, mingled splendors shed,
Henceforth the vesper-planets of the dead!

—Courier, June 18.

B. W. BALL.

Wagner's Theatre at Bayreuth.

(Being the Introduction to a course of Lectures on the Poem of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," delivered at the Royal Institution by EDWARD DANKREUTHER.)

Some hundred yards to the south of Bayreuth, on a gentle eminence overlooking a wide expanse of green hills and fields, the prominent point of a landscape almost English in its gentle undulations, stands the "Nibelungentheater"—a solid structure of red brick and wood, neither beautiful nor ugly, without the slightest attempt at architectural show, but exactly fit for its purpose. Before saying anything about the inside of the building, it will be well to answer a few questions which are constantly being asked concerning it. Why need Wagner, of all men, have a theatre to himself? and if there are people ready to build one for him, why should he have it at such an out-of-the-way place as Bayreuth? Are not the Court theatres at Munich, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, good enough? Or could he not at least choose some snug place which all the world knows, such as Baden-Baden or Wiesbaden for instance? And, above all, how can such a theatre in such a place ever be expected to pay?

This final trump, which one's friends usually put forth with an air of triumph, may be left unanswered, seeing that matters purely artistic never did pay, and never will; and the less art has to do with money the better. But the other questions are not so easily settled, though the key to them lies in the simple fact that it is Wagner's sole aim to obtain a perfectly correct performance of his work; and with this end in view he has thought it advisable to keep that commercial element, which is the bane of all modern theatrical affairs, altogether in the back-ground.

German theatres, occasionally and at rare intervals, turn out remarkably good work. But be their work good, bad, or indifferent, they certainly turn out a great deal too much of it. The managers of German theatres—Court theatres not excepted—depend for the most part upon a public of subscribers—not per season, but per annum. You find the same people in the same seat all the year round. They have read endless newspapers, and are continually clamoring for novelty; night after night they sit and stare, with the same stolid eyes of contented Philistinism, at *Fidelio*, *Il Trovatore*, or *La Grande Duchesse*; at *Lohengrin*, *Robert le Diable*, or *Orphée aux Enfers*; proud of their musical stomach, as capacious as it is indiscriminating. They pay little and expect much; that is to say, they expect a great deal of some sort or other.

Now the inevitable result of such a condition of things among the public is, of course, a complete confusion and veritable anarchy behind

the scenes: a confusion and disorganization so great that nine performances out of ten are little better than disgraceful make-shifts—dull, slovenly, inaccurate. Everybody connected with the stage has thrice as much work to do as is good for him: the singers' voices and memory are strained to the utmost; stage-managers have no time to obtain a good ensemble; costumiers, scene-painters, machinists, rush from blunder into blunder; chorus and orchestra, in spite of continuous rehearsals, are never sufficiently rehearsed, etc. What is to become of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* in such a place? Is the theatre to be shut up, and a few weeks devoted entirely to proper preparations? But the manager is under contract to his subscribers to give so-and-so many performances per week, and he is under contract to pay his artists so-and-so much per month. Who is to indemnify him if he were rash enough to close the doors? and supposing a manager could be found with sufficient pluck and sufficient money to keep him afloat, how could the work be properly executed? No single theatre in Germany is strong enough to furnish competent performers for the principal rôles from its own troupe exclusively; no theatre has the proper stage appliances to produce the requisite changes of scene, though they would not present any special difficulty in London or Paris. To make a long story short, if a work like *Der Ring des Nibelungen* is to be successfully executed, the executants must have the stage to themselves, and must have leisure to devote their full energies exclusively to the task. So much for the necessity of building—yet, after all, why build at Bayreuth? Well, the trilogy is as little fit for the miscellaneous public of a fashionable watering-place as for the subscribers of a Stadt or Hoftheater; and as its performance in any case must partake somewhat of a private nature (a sort of family feast, which the musical élite of the world prepares for itself), it appears obvious that the less such an undertaking comes in contact with certain equivocal elements of public life in great or fashionable towns, the better for all parties concerned. Bavarian Bayreuth is a charming, quiet old town, with a literary and social past by no means despicable; healthy, prettily situated, easily accessible, in the very middle of Germany. It has no regular theatre, and consequently no theatrical or fashionable public, no leading newspaper, political, clerical, or literary; its negative credentials, in a word, are perfect. Then why not Bayreuth?

And Bayreuth being fixed upon: who built the theatre? who paid for it? who defrays the expenses inseparable from a theatrical performance on so large a scale? You will presently see how it all came to pass, as I tell you a little about the history of the trilogy.

Wagner is now close upon sixty-three years of age, and *Der Ring des Nibelungen* has occupied him more or less exclusively, as the main work of his life, ever since 1847. In 1848 appeared a little pamphlet, "*Die Wibelungen, Weltgeschichte aus der Sage*," the result of his studies in that vague borderland where historical facts and mythical traditions are so curiously intermingled.

At the same time, the myth of the Nibelungs was sketched with a view to dramatic treatment, and a drama in three acts, *Siegfried's Tod*, with an introduction, a large portion of which is now incorporated in *Götterdämmerung*, was printed. After the completion of *Lohengrin*, the revolution of 1849 having entirely severed Wagner's connection with Germany, whilst he was living as an exile in Switzerland, the work

assumed enormous dimensions under his hands. He perceived that every section of the mythos, culminating in some distinct action, some exploit of the hero's, had its root and springs in some anterior action; and so, as a dramatist should address himself to the sensuous perceptions of his audience, leaving nothing unclear, nothing unsaid or undone that would have to be supplied by some intellectual combination of inference with inference, Wagner found it necessary to compose three entire dramas, and precede them with an extensive prelude.

Thus the poem in the main, as it now stands, was finished and privately printed towards the close of 1853. After full five years of rest, as far as music is concerned, Wagner betook himself, in the beginning of 1856, to the composition of the music, and continued writing at it with such arduous enthusiasm that in the spring of 1857 the entire scores of *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, and a large portion of *Siegfried* were ready. After these herculean labors a desponding reaction set in. For full eight years Wagner had not heard one of his own works—banished from German soil, he was at that time, perhaps, the only German who had not heard *Lohengrin*. Without the faintest hope of ever attaining a performance of the trilogy, and sick of heaping one silent score upon another in his library, he took to writing *Tristan*, and subsequently *Die Meistersinger*, within more manageable dimensions, at least so as not to be utterly beyond the reach of the existing German theatre. But *Tristan*, and the sketch of *Die Meistersinger* too, remained silent in his desk. Away from his few friends, unable personally to push on matters with the managers of theatres, fiercely denounced by the press, Wagner had a deplorable time of it. The German theatres left *Tristan* and *Isolde* to take care of themselves, and remained content with mutilating *Tannhäuser* and *Rienzi*. Then came that noisy and disgraceful failure of *Tannhäuser* at Paris in 1861, and Wagner, again disappointed, returned to Zurich, more bitter and hopeless than ever. At length, in 1863, matters took a sudden turn for the better. He was allowed to re-enter Germany, was enthusiastically received, and witnessed a performance of *Lohengrin* at Vienna. In 1864 the King of Bavaria called him to Munich. In 1865 *Tristan*, and in 1868 *Die Meistersinger*, which he had finished in the interim, were correctly performed, under the direction of Von Bülow, and everything looked bright and smooth.

King Ludwig had promised to look after the performances of the *Nibelungen* dramas, and Wagner worked hard to complete them. "But the course of true love," etc. The king was willing enough to lend his aid; his people, however, chose to think that he was making a fool of himself. Though not a penny of the public money was ever touched, or intended to be touched, for any Wagnerian purpose, a great hubbub ensued.

I presume that at the bottom of the strange panic there was some dim fear that Wagner's personal influence might prove politically inconvenient. At any rate, from all Bavarian pulpits, both clerical and secular, from church and synagogue, and from every printing press in the land, a great hue and cry was raised and persistently kept up. The matter was even discussed in the Bavarian Parliament. Munich became too hot to hold him, and Wagner once more sought refuge in Switzerland.

But before long a show of help came from unexpected quarters. Carl Tausig, the pianist at Berlin who had made the pianoforte arrangement of *Die Meistersinger*, had got hold of the

estimates concerning the probable cost of a good performance of the trilogy. These estimates amounted to about 300,000 thalers (£45,000), and with the complete confidence of a man of rare gifts in his own powers of persuasion, he undertook in the course of his pianistic peregrinations in Germany to find a thousand persons willing to lay down 300 thalers (£45) each towards such an end. And he actually succeeded, within a short period, to hunt up a goodly number of such persons. Germany, however, is essentially a poor country. There is very little accumulation of wealth, and the few people to whom a sum such as 300 thalers for an experiment in art would not seem entirely preposterous, are exactly such as are least likely to come forward with it. Neither the Hebrew bankers of the great towns, nor the military and agrarian aristocracy, are people to whom such an object would appear at all desirable. Tausig, however, did not live to be disappointed. The cholera carried him off at Leipzig in the summer of 1871, and if *Der Ring* had then been taken to a pawnbroker's it would assuredly not have fetched more than its weight as brass. But an enthusiastic private gentleman at Mannheim, personally unknown to Wagner, started a little association which he called "Wagner-Verein," with a view to acquiring a number of the 300 thaler shares by smaller subscriptions of the several members. This device hit the nail on the head, as the proverb has it. It soon appeared that all over Germany there were numbers of people who were ready to contribute their share, but to whom the 300 thalers Tausig wanted would have been impossible. Wagner Societies sprang up right and left in the Fatherland; all, be it remembered, *entirely* without any move on Wagner's part. One was started in London; St. Petersburg, New York, Brussels, Milan, etc., followed; and the result has been, spite of some delay, and owing to much hard work and perseverance in the face of endless obstacles, that a number of determined men have actually got together the funds required. The theatre is built and paid for, stage arrangements and preliminary rehearsals completed—in short, all expenses defrayed up to the present day, and a balance in hand of upwards of 15,000 florins. Of course this has been done so far only by means of much sacrifice on the part of all the principal persons concerned. Every mechanical service required for the building, the stage, the business management, etc., was chosen of the best, and paid for only in proportion as the giver can afford to give it or not. The principal singers are not paid at all, or only in proportion to the loss they sustain on the infringement of contracts they are under elsewhere. The members of the orchestra receive a salary sufficient to defray their railway fares and their livelihood during the months taken up by the rehearsals and performances, and so on with everybody concerned. And when I add that the principal singers, and the members of the orchestra, are one and all picked men from the principal theatres of the great cities, and that very many more have volunteered than could by any chance be accepted, you will agree with me that the coming performances at Bayreuth are indeed a most surprising thing.

Now for the inside of the theatre. A large stage with all the best-considered mechanical appliances, about the size of that of Covent Garden. An auditorium much smaller than that of Covent Garden—less than 1,500 seats—1,000 for the patrons of the undertaking, the remainder to be otherwise disposed of; all seats directly facing the stage, no side boxes or side galleries, no prompter's box. In front of the stage, and screened from the auditorium by a simple wooden reflector, a deep and commodious pit for the orchestra, large enough to seat 120 musicians comfortably, and so deep as to render even the conductor totally invisible. It was a desire to obtain complete scenical illusion, and to get rid of the disturbing aspects of the orchestral lamps, and the unavoidable contortions of the orchestral players, that led

to this plan of sinking the orchestra and extending the auditorium in the shape of an elongated amphitheatre; for if the orchestra is to remain invisible, it is obvious that neither lofty galleries nor side boxes could be admitted. The best way to form a picture of the theatre is to fancy a wedge, the thin end of which touches the back of the stage, and the thick end the back of the auditorium. The rows of seats are arranged in slight curves, each row further from the stage being raised about ten inches above its predecessor, and the seats so arranged that every person seated looks at the stage between the heads of two persons before him.

The pit for the orchestra has proved perfectly successful from an acoustical point of view. In fact, certain short-comings of our present orchestral arrangements seem to have been removed: one of these changes for the better, which I noticed last summer at the preliminary rehearsals, is still a puzzle. The wood winds—flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons—though the position occupied by them as regards the other instruments is not a bit nearer to the auditorium than in any of our opera or concert-rooms, yet have a distinctness and clearness of sound altogether surprising. The individuality of each instrument stands out so distinctly, and the actual volume of sound they produce when used together is so palpably greater than one is accustomed to hear, that I have in vain looked about for a sufficient reason. The players, no doubt, are of the first order, but there are players equally competent here or in Paris.

The brass, as might have been expected, sounds less brassy than usual. That explosive bang which seems inseparable from a sudden *forte* of trumpets and trombones in our concert-rooms is subdued, yet the power of those instruments is not perceptibly lessened. With the strings I have noticed no change worth remarking; there was an absence of clearness here and there, but as this occurred only in passages of extreme technical difficulty, and as the orchestra read at first sight (and wonderfully well too), I am convinced that after proper rehearsals every note will be as clear and bright as it should be.

The orchestra is constituted as follows:

Strings.	
16 First violins.	12 Violoncellos.
16 Second violins.	8 Contrabasses.
12 Violas.*	
Wood winds.	
3 Flutes.	3 Clarinets.
1 Piccolo.	1 Bass Clarinet.
3 Oboes.	3 Bassoons.
1 Corno-inglese.†	
Brass.	
8 Horns.	3 Trumpets.
2 Tenor tubas. ‡	1 Bass trumpet.
2 Bass tubas. §	3 Trombones (tenor, bass).
1 Contrabass tuba.	1 Contrabass trombone. §
Percussion Instruments.	
4 Kettledrums.	1 Cymbals.
1 Sidedrum.	1 Carrillon.
1 Triangle.	
And 6 harps.	Total 114.

Musical Juggleries.

Longfellow says "art is long, and time is fleeting," quoting the well-known Latin proverb; and yet there are not wanting those in this world who trifle with the one and abuse the other. The abusers of art may be divided into two classes,—men who have no creative forces of their own, and therefore live on the brains of others; and men of undoubted genius who are occasionally beguiled into frittering away their time on unworthy productions, which they themselves despise in their secret

* Amongst the violas a new instrument called *violata*, invented by Hermann Ritter, of Heidelberg, is to be used. It is said to be of a clear and full sonority, free from the nasal twang of the usual viola.

† Instead of the usual corno-inglese an *alto oboe* has been constructed.

‡ The two tenor tubas and the two bass tubas are to be taken by the players of the third and fourth pair of horns.

§ The contrabass trombone is to be taken by the player of usual bass trombone.

hearts. In every domain of art this evil has its existence, and in Music the affliction is especially grievous. Tons upon tons of sheet-music continue to appear as the perennial off-spring of an unholy wedlock—Music married to *£. s. d.*

This evil existed centuries ago, though not in its present baser form. The Flemings, at one time the masters of the musical world, delighted in taxing the resources of counterpoint to an extent which banished every vestige of musical expression from their compositions. Circular canons, canons that read backwards, canons that read upside down, enigma canons, songs in scores of parts, were considered in those days the triumphs of musical genius and learning. These musical juggleries have long been things of the past, but they have been succeeded by still more reprehensible tricks and levities.

Among modern juggles the "grand transcriptions" and "fantasias" for the pianoforte take a prominent place. The usual method is as follows:—Select some well-known classical or music-hall air (it does not matter which), and first give it out simply, with just a few gentle titillations of the harmony here and there to brighten it up and give it an aspect of novelty. Next put your melody in *altissimo*, or half-drown it in a flood of lengthy *arpeggi*. Then double it in running octaves, or fret it into staccato triplets, upon the "double-tonguing" principle. Lastly, thump it out in full chords, with a running accompaniment of double octaves in the bass; and be sure that in this last "variation" every possible or impossible modulation is screwed in somehow. Then the "composer's" work is done, excepting that the correct thing is to accord a handsome royalty to the gifted pianist who may undertake to charm the ears of a fashionable audience with this pattern "transcription."

The most hideous and revolting examples, however, of musical jugglery are to be found in concoctions of the *pot pourri* class. We allude to such effusions as "Memories of Scotland" and "Reminiscences of Hibernia," in which there is a ghastly foregathering of national airs, linked together with a cheerful disregard of musical relativity. For a few moments we are beguiled into the passive enjoyment of some pathetic air like the "Last Rose of Summer," then—hey, presto! before we are conscious of it, we are dancing a jig in the midst of "Donnybrook Fair." This suddenness of transition is supposed to be the distinguishing feature, and—save the mark!—merit of these lively performances.

In connection with this subject, we cannot help referring to the modern fever for "new chords." The average enterprising composer of the present day seems to consider that the best way of showing originality in a composition is to set a series of traps for the musical ear. To jump suddenly into as remote a key as possible, and as often as possible, appears to him the greatest musical triumph that can be achieved. Composers who are thus prodigal of musical "effects" have much to answer for; they are disgusting the educated ear with the very resources which, if moderately and discreetly used, are an undoubted assistance to true and varied musical expression; and a reaction is sure to follow in the shape of a predilection for the plainest and barest harmonies, caused by a previous surfeit of surprises and bewilderments; there will thus be a retrograde movement, and the true progress of musical art will consequently suffer.

Let us be rightly understood regarding these matters. On no account would we abolish the "transcription" proper; it has its legitimate province and uses. There are many fine orchestral works which, inadequately expressed as they must be when reduced to pianoforte score, would be altogether unknown to the general public except for the published transcriptions. But such transcribing is no mere mechanical operation; expert and appreciative musicians alone can treat the originals worthily. We are aware that, as a rule, classical transcriptions do not "sell," and that they are certainly not so remunerative as the ordinary pianoforte gymnastics; but we are not without the hope that composers and arrangers have in them some remaining sentiment of living for the art as well as by it. With regard to the increasing passion for new harmonies, we would by no means hang back from the highest developments of harmonic resource; but preserve us from the perpetual and frivolous ear-tickling which hinders the continuity of thought, and distracts attention from the main design of a composition. To conclude, we have had enough, and a great deal more, of musical jugglery; and in the name of all that is godlike and beautiful

in music, we appeal to the musicians of our time to have a regard to the interests of a pure art in their own generation, if not a fear for the censure and ridicule of posterity.—*Lond. Mus. Standard.*

The Purcell Society.

The new "Purcell Society" (London) has issued the following prospectus:—

THE PURCELL SOCIETY.

Founded on Monday, February 21, 1876, for the purpose of doing justice to the memory of HENRY PURCELL; firstly, by the publication of his works, most of which exist only in manuscript; and secondly, by meeting for the study and performance of his various compositions.

In his remarks upon Henry Purcell, Dr. Burney said:—"While the Frenchman is loud in the praises of a Lulli and a Rameau; the German, in that of a Handel and a Bach; and the Italian, of a Palestrina and a Pergolesi; not less is the pride of an Englishman in pointing to a name equally dear to his country; for Purcell is as much the boast of England in music as Shakespeare in the drama, Milton in epic poetry, Locke in metaphysics, or Sir Isaac Newton in mathematics and philosophy. As a musician, he shone not more by the greatness than the diversity, by the diversity than the originality of his genius; nor did the powers of his fancy prove detrimental to the solidity of his judgment. It is true that some musicians of eminence had appeared in this country previously to him, but the superior splendor of his genius eclipsed their fame. We hear with pleasure of Tallis, Gibbons, and Blow; but upon the name of Purcell we dwell with delight, and are content to identify with his the musical pretensions of our country."

These weighty utterances may be taken as still representing in substance the opinion of English musicians with regard to Henry Purcell. But while the advance of time abates nothing of that reverence for his genius, and pride in his achievements which are the inheritance of the master's countrymen, it unquestionably increases the obligation under which we all lie to do justice to his memory in a more practical way. The fame of Purcell is no longer confined to England. It has spread to every country where the art is cherished, and pages might be filled with eloquent tributes to his genius written by foreign pens. Only one will suffice as an example, and it shall be that of a Frenchman. In his "Les Clavecinistes de 1637 à 1790," M. Amédée Méraux says:—"We have here a name which is not anything like as well known as it deserves to be; it is that of a great musician whose career in the musical world left traces of remarkable progress. Nevertheless, the musical world, if it have not wholly forgotten him, has not paid the tribute justly due to his celebrity. Henry Purcell is one of the artistic glories of England. He is, without doubt, the most able and the most fertile of all the English composers."

When the genius of our countryman is thus asserted in other lands; when his music, as in the case of M. Méraux's volumes, is printed for the use of foreign connoisseurs, and especially when foreign writers point significantly to the neglect which Purcell suffers, it is time for us to consider what practical measures of appreciation and homage can be taken. The thought, however, is no new one. While the national tongue has for more than a century and a half lavished praises upon Purcell, the national conscience has been uneasy at the bestowal of a barren honor and nothing more. Hence the attempts made from time to time to bring his works within reach. In 1788, Goodison made a gallant effort to print such of the master's MS. compositions as were then available, and actually succeeded in publishing, in a more or less complete form, "The Tempest," "Indian Queen," "Ode for Queen Mary," "Christ Church Ode," an Organ Voluntary, several Anthems, and "The Yorkshire Feast," together with portions of "Edipus" and "King Arthur." But the time was not ripe for such an enterprise. Only about 100 subscribers supported Goodison, and he had to retire from the field. Forty years passed before Purcell found another champion of this practical order. In 1828, Vincent Novello began the publication of the master's sacred music, and carried it on with such energy that in 1832 he had given to the world what was then thought to be a complete collection. It is impossible to look back upon Novello's achievement without admiration for the research which made it possible, and

without gratitude for the service rendered to English music. But justice was done only to one phase of Purcell's genius. Great though the master was as a composer for the Church, he was, perhaps, greater as a writer for the stage, and of secular music generally. To prove this,—to reveal the treasures which ever since his death have been lying hidden, to the detriment alike of his own fame and the repute of his country, is a manifest obligation, the time for the discharge of which has fully come. But to this end there must be a widely-extended co-operation, for the work to be done is great. Of the amazing number of secular compositions bearing Purcell's name very few have been published. He himself printed but four—the "Sonatas of three Parts" (1683); the "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" (1684); "Dioclesian" (1691), and the "Fairy Queen" (1692). Under the auspices of his widow, there were given to the world, "Lessons for the Harpsichord" (1696); "Ayres for Theatre" (1697); A second set of "Sonatas," in four parts, (1697); and the collection entitled "Orpheus Britannicus" (1698). Add to these, portions of the music to "Don Quixote," the works published by Goodison, and the three—"King Arthur," "Bouduca," "Dido and Æneas,"—issued by the Musical Antiquarian Society, and the tale of printed secular works is complete. But, how much remains! Purcell is known to have written music for nearly fifty Dramas, while his Odes and Choral Songs still in MS. number twenty-four. Moreover, since the completion of Novello's edition of the master's sacred music, discoveries of high importance have been made. A folio volume known to be in the Royal Library, but sought in vain by Vincent Novello, has come to light. It is described by Burney as "PURCELL'S COMPOSITIONS; A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING; and contains Anthems with Symphonies and instrumental parts, and also Odes and miscellaneous Songs. At York Minster several other volumes of Sacred Music have been happily discovered. The task of completing the noblest possible monument to our English master—viz., the publication of his complete works, is thus shown to be a heavy one. But the Purcell Society enters upon it with a well-founded trust in the sympathy and support of the musical public. For that the Committee now appeal, desiring to enrich the available treasures of English art, and to wipe away a national reproach by doing justice to one of whom the nation has abundant reason to be proud.

ODES AND WELCOME SONGS BY PURCELL, CHIEFLY IN MS.

- 1.—"A Song to Welcome Home His Majesty from Windsor, 1680."
- 2.—"A Welcome Song for His Royal Highness on his return from Scotland, 1689."
- 3.—"A Welcome Song for the King, 1681."
- 4.—"A Welcome Song for the King on his return from Newmarket, October 21, 1682."
- 5.—"A Welcome Song for the King, 1683."
- 6.—"Ode on the Marriage of Prince George with Lady Anne, 1683."
- 7.—"Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, November 22, 1683." [Printed by Playford in the following year.]
- 8.—"A Welcome Song on the King's return to Whitehall after his Summer Progress, 1684."
- 9.—"A Welcome Song for the King, 1685."
- 10.—"A Welcome Song for the King, 1687."
- 11.—"A Welcome Song for the King, 1688."
- 12.—"The Yorkshire Feast Song, 1790." [Printed by Goodison.]
- 13.—"A Song that was performed at Mr. Maidwell's (a School-master), on the 5th of August, 1689. The Words by one of his Scholars."
- 14.—"A Welcome Song at the Prince of Denmark's Coming Home."
- 15.—"Ode to King William, 1690."
- 16.—"Ode on King William's Birthday."
- 17.—"A Queen's Birthday Song, 1690."
- 18.—"Ode on Queen Mary's Birthday, April 29, 1691."
- 19.—"Ode on Queen Mary's Birthday, 1692."
- 20.—"Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, Nov. 22, 1692." [Printed by the Musical Antiquarian Society.]
- 21.—"Ode for Queen Mary's Birthday, 1693."
- 22.—"Ode for the New Year, 1694."
- 23.—"Ode for Queen Mary's Birthday, 1694."
- 24.—"Commemoration Ode, performed at Christ Church, Dublin, January 9, 1694." [Printed by Goodison.]
- 25.—"Ode for the Birthday of the Duke of Gloucester, July 24, 1695."
- 26.—"An Ode," no date. Begin, "Hark how the wild musicians sing."
- 27.—"Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," no date. Begin, "Raise the voice, all instruments obey."
- 28.—"Ode by Mr. Cowley," no date. Begin, "If ever I mere riches did desire."

OPERAS AND DRAMAS.

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|---|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Epsom Wells. | 23. The Fairy Queen. |
| 2. Aurenge Zebe. | 24. The Wife's Excuse. |
| 3. The Libertine. | 25. The Old Bachelor. |
| 4. Circe. | 26. The Richmond Heiress. |
| 5. Abielazar. | 27. The Maid's Last Prayer. |
| 6. Timon of Athens. | 28. Henry the Second. |
| 7. Theodosius; or, the Force of Love. | 29. The first part of Don Quixote. |
| 8. Dido and Æneas. A complete Opera, with Musical Recitative, and without Dialogue. | 30. The second part of Don Quixote. |
| 9. The Virtuous Wife. | 31. The Married Beau. |
| 10. Tyrannick Love. | 32. The Double Dealer. |
| 11. A Fool's Preference. | 33. The Fatal Marriage. |
| 12. The Tempest. | 34. The Canterbury Guests. |
| 13. Dioclesian; or, the Prophetess. | 35. The Mock Marriage. |
| 14. The Massacre of Paris. | 36. The Rival Sisters. |
| 15. Amphitryon. | 37. Oroonoko. |
| 16. King Arthur. | 38. The Knight of Malta. |
| 17. The Gordian Knot Untied. | 39. Bouduca. |
| 18. Sir Anthony Love. | 40. The third part of Don Quixote. |
| 19. Distressed Innocence. | 41. The Spanish Fryer. |
| 20. The Indian Queen. | 42. The Marriage Hater. |
| 21. The Indian Emperor. | 43. The Campaigners. |
| 22. Edipus. | 44. The Conquest of Grenada. |
| | 45. The Old Mode and the New. |

Hymns, Anthems, and other Sacred Music.

Instrumental Pieces:—Fantasias in 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 Parts: Overtures, Dances, Curtain Tunes, etc.

Music as a Social Bore.

[From the London News.]

To have brought music with a meaning into fashion, and to have successfully broken the chains of indolent tradition, is a very great achievement of the German genius. It has been often noticed that change generally creeps into a stationary society through the arts, altering here a little and there a little in æsthetic rules, which have been so long accepted that people have learned to hold them sacred. The change, however, has generally been from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and it has been the task of the vast Teutonic mind to reverse this process. With the aid of what the old philosophers used to sigh for, a monarch of his own way of looking at things, Herr Wagner has made that scientific which was rather empirical, and has invested with the pale cast of thought matters which used to be transacted without any very profound metaphysical speculation. Perhaps the most amusing and obvious results of the new German influence in music have been its social consequences. Drawing-room music is not any longer the light and unconsidered thing that it once was. People used to play and sing, very badly it seems, as an "accomplishment." Music was useful to subdue the hum of conversation, and any music would do for that, just as any sort of performance on the drum will "drown the cries of the victims" in narratives of the inquisition. A young lady played or sang, and there was an end of it. Some gave more pain than others to sensitive ears, but few people thought very seriously about the matter. It was part of a girl's education to do her four hours at the piano a day, just as it was part of her education to take two hours of reclining on a "back-board." Perhaps the latter neutralized any evil effects of the former discipline. If there were enthusiasts of drawing-room music in the times before science, they found but little sympathy from the giddy throng around them. Now, of course, all this is changed, and young men and maidens are capable of conversing for hours about "passages" and "movements," symphonies and fugues. It may be said that young men and maidens are capable of talking for hours upon any subject, or upon none, and that, at all events, they are better employed in prattling of symphonies than of the other over-done amusements, which it is becoming unpleasant to name and not agreeable to think about. It may also be said, from a purely social standpoint, that the more music is made a matter of intellectual and refined study, the less will unfortunate children, to whom Nature has denied an ear, be forced to pass their mornings and afternoons over the dreary school-room piano. Their hours will be free for other forms of the higher education.

Still, looking at music merely as a social institution—M. Gautier would have said a social evil—every one must notice that the life of the non-musical man or woman is being made increasingly hard to him. No "shop" is nearly so much talked as musical shop; and there is none which so absolutely baffles the uninitiated. Into the charmed realm of melody and harmony no foe can enter by violence; no one by much study and long vigils can learn to understand musical conversation. This fact marks off musical from every other form of "shop." If a person falls into the society of city men, he is not perhaps at first very greatly edified, but by degrees, and with pains, he picks up some thread, some clew to guide him in the labyrinth of technical terms. Even a lady can understand cricket "shop" if she has been brought

up with a large and determined family of brothers, and there are enthusiasts who believe that the minds of women are not incapable of understanding the state of the odds. All sports, and every form of business, touch life in some one intelligible way; but talk about music to the non-musical does not attach itself to any known or knowable link with their existence. A man may have the subtlest sense of humor, and yet be incapable of seeing the fun of a famous remark about the counterpoint of Herr Wagner, and how it is like a number of persons jostling each other in a narrow doorway. It is not only that the unmusical man does not catch the meaning, but that no amount of study and application will teach him the meaning. He can get the definition of counterpoint off by heart, but he can get nothing for him, because the words cannot be by him connected with any impressions of the sense, still less with any ideas. To the non-musical, in short, musical conversation is transcendental—that it to say, gibberish. Now, considering this, it seems rather hard on a small, but not exactly despicable or nefarious class of persons, that musical slang should have stolen into all the arts. A critic tells us that the impression produced by this or that poem resembles the impression produced by a motet or a fugue. But to the lover of poetry this may mean absolutely nothing, for many lovers of poetry, like Victor Hugo, dislike all music, and specially the piano. How would a musician like to be told that the "Deutsches Requiem" resembles the third chorus in the Agamemnon of Æschylus or the Shakespeare's nineteenth sonnet?

Goetz's Comic Opera, "Taming of the Shrew."

[From a Correspondent to the "Monthly Musical Record."]

A London journal of some standing noticed, a short time ago, a new opera, entitled *The Tamed Savage Woman*, by Götz. The reader, in blissful ignorance, had visions of a prairie, of an Indian Amazon, of some interesting aboriginal, and the like. Imagine, then, his surprise on finding that the heroine is no other than the immortal poet's own Shrew, the "curst and waspish Kate," "the brawling scold" whom Petruchio reduces from "a wild Kate to a Kate conformable, as other household Kates." The scene is not in the Far West, but in the civilized regions of Padua, "the nursery of arts," nay, more than that, the opera rejoices in the honest title of *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*; and this, forsooth, is what a perverse ignoramus calls a "Tamed Savage!"

But who is Götz? Is he a rising star? Or is he only one of those musical meteors whose name is legion, "flaming lawless through the sky?" Götz is a young composer residing in Zürich, unknown to the musical world at large until about a year ago, when his *Taming of the Shrew*, the first-fruits of his labors in the field of musical drama, was brought out in Mannheim, and excited unusual interest. Thence it found its way to Vienna, Munich, Weimar, Leipzig, and Berlin; and so universal has been its success, that by common consent he already ranks high among living composers: he took the tide at its flood, and it has led him on to fortune.

And assuredly, for the purpose of opera, the composer's choice could not have fallen on a subject of fairer promise. The *Shrew* always has a peculiar charm for those who relish contest and strength of character; in none of his comedies does the poet portray contrasts more vividly, in none does the stream of his sparkling humor flow more abundantly than in the story of Katherine and Petruchio. Moreover, it is a standard play on many Continental stages, so that the composer starts with one great advantage: the audience is familiar with the subject.

The book is one of unquestionable merit. The language is vigorous, and none the worse for being occasionally colloquial, since it reproduces much of the original bluntness without sinking to vulgarity or burlesque. The author has condensed the play without impairing the force of its salient features, and but for some additions of his own with which it is difficult to agree, the book is highly effective, and admirably adapted for comic opera.

But in his *Shrew* Götz does not profess to offer a comic opera of the traditional light type. In form, he is an independent follower of Wagner; for it will be conceded that, in the contour and build of his work, he has not deviated from the principles laid down by Wagner in the *Meistersinger*. Continuity of action coupled with "infinite melody;" predominance of the or hestral element as descriptive of the dramatic action; ariso-recitative, solo, and ensemble—these are the characteristics of Götz's score

as regards form. In reference to substance, on the other hand, his work is distinguished by an exuberance of pathetic melody; and this, the emanation of his own genius, constitutes the charm and lasting merit of the opera. He is a Gounod imbued with the spirit of Schumann, and it may safely be affirmed that, since *Faust*, no opera so purely lyric as Götz's *Shrew* has been offered to the public. His harmony and progression often put us in mind of Jensen, and sometimes of Brahms; but though he has evidently learnt from all the great masters, he is able to hold his ground among them all; for it is the pith and marrow of his music that give it a style of its own. But Götz gives proof of another important quality: he shows thoroughness. There are no traces of an inflatus here, and an inflatus there, committed to writing with that incorrect facility which is so often mistaken for genius; it is well digested, the result of mature reflection and earnest application, the work of a conscientious man; and if it lacks the effervescent lightness and elasticity of a French comic opera, it charms, on the other hand, by its more enduring and pathetic eloquence.

The abundance of melody which Götz has lavished on his first opera has, however, led to a very elaborate orchestral treatment. Like a given quantity of energy stored up, it had to be worked off somehow, and this task he has assigned to the orchestra. Hence it is that the musical element predominates almost throughout over the dramatic, so much so that many telling points of the book are lost in the excessive instrumental by-play, and that comparatively few scenes are really comic. The ariso-recitative, in which the greater part of the dialogue is clothed, is particularly open to this objection, and often misses its aim altogether. It is in solo and ensemble that Götz shows mettle, whilst his recitative is verbose and often patched up.

The dramatic and lyric interest pivots on Petruchio and Katharine; their parts are written for baritone and soprano; while of the subordinate characters, Lucentio is tenor, Bianca soprano, Baptista bass, and Hortensio basso-buffo. The musical garb of Petruchio is a master piece; full of life, vigor, blunt humor and oddity; a man who is certain of success, but conceals his love until, after his own fashion, he has "killed his wife with kindness." Katherine, on the other hand, falls somewhat short of the ideal. The composer evidently found the Shrew hard to cope with. There is, at first, a good deal of the mad and headstrong humor of the original in her; but she succumbs too soon; she is curbed at the first meeting with Petruchio, and in the last act she is sentimental, and acquiesces in the oppressor's "polite reign" like a genuine Teutonic household Kate. Surely, this is not Shakespeare's Shrew. For his Kate holds out to the bitter end; on their arrival in Petruchio's house, his "falcon is only sharp and passing empty," and much remains to be done. Götz's Kate is not waspish enough. One would like to see Petruchio opposed by a Shrew of rather firmer texture and stronger impulse. And can she not be womanly for all that?

The overture treats, somewhat sporadically, some of the leading subjects of the opera, as that of Petruchio's tardy arrival on the wedding-day, "a very monster in apparel, an eye-sore to the solemn festival;" the subject of Katherine's defiant song, and that of the duet with Petruchio in the second act, Lucentio's serenade, his duet with Bianca, and Petruchio's grand air in the first act are full of lyric beauty, but the action and the recitative are heavy. The second and third acts are by far the best, whilst in the last the interest is not sufficiently sustained. The two duets between Petruchio and Katherine in the second and fourth acts, when at last "their jarring notes agree," are exceedingly beautiful both in conception and treatment. Again, the lesson-scene in the third act, where Bianca prefers Lucentio's Latin to Hortensio's "gamut of a briefer sort," and the haberdasher, as well as the supper-scene in the last act, bring the comic element well to the front. The climax is reached in the delicious finale of the third act; and the way in which Petruchio "buckles his bonny Kate against a million," and carries her off, in spite of every obstacle, is enough to convince the most sceptical spectator that "such a mad marriage never was before."

Such, then, are the leading features of this charming work. It appeals to a somewhat advanced audience, and, solid and compact as it is, it should be styled a lyric rather than a comic opera. Moreover, it is by no means easy, and the part of Petruchio and Katherine are worthy of such distinguished artists as the Leipzig favorites, Gura—one of the

Bayreuth "chosen"—and Peschka-Leutner, whose Shrew shows her consummate ability in an entirely new aspect.

The great success of this first work augurs well for Götz's future labors. He is on the road to fame; let us hope that the fountain of melody is not yet exhausted, and that he will not be content to rest on the laurels which he has won for himself by taming a Shrew. C. P. S.

The Sanders Theatre at Harvard University.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW PART OF MEMORIAL HALL.—A MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURE.

The academic theatre, which was yesterday for the first time occupied, forms the eastern division of the Memorial Hall, which is thus, eleven years after its inception, finally brought to completion. The theatre, as its name implies, is due to the munificence of the late Mr. Charles Sanders, of the class of 1892, formerly of Salem, but during the latter part of his life a resident of Cambridge. In 1863, the year before his death, he gave to the college a parcel of real estate in Cambridge, valued at twenty thousand dollars, for the erection of an Alumni Hall, and left by will the sum of twenty thousand dollars in trust to the president and fellows for the same purpose. In 1875 the property had accumulated to over sixty thousand dollars, and, an additional amount of fifteen thousand dollars being made up by private subscription, work was begun in the spring of that year.

The theatre, which in its general shape recalls the theatres of antiquity, being nearly of a semi-circular form, with a shallow stage extending along the straight side, is probably the largest modern building of the kind, being about a hundred feet across in each direction. The stage, which is occupied with seats for the president and fellows, the overseers and the various faculties of the university, is about sixty feet wide by twenty-five feet deep, and accommodates two hundred persons. In the pit, or, as the Greeks would have called it, the orchestra, are about two hundred seats, occupied on commencement days by the graduating class and other candidates for degrees. The rest of the audience, to the number of about a thousand, are disposed in wedge-shaped seats, the *cunei* of the ancients, divided by narrow aisles radiating toward the centre. Above this is a gallery similarly arranged. Access is gained to these seats by staircases in the Memorial vestibule. Over the stage is a gallery for musicians or singers.

The framing of the roof consists principally of seven queen-post trusses, so arranged as to intersect each other in plan, each queen-post being common to two trusses. This construction is displayed in the architectural treatment of the ceiling, of which the long intersecting tie-beams are the most conspicuous feature, the columns which rise above the points of intersection indicating the position of the queen-posts. These columns support radiating ribs which form a sort of dome or half-dome over the pit.

The theatre is finished in brown ash, the benches and chairs being of black walnut. The walls and ceiling are boldly but simply treated in color, the ceiling being of an olive green, the upper walls of buff, the lower walls and those about the stage of red. In each surface the colors of the two others are introduced in lines and bands.

On the large wall over the stage, above the music-gallery, is the following inscription:—

HIC IN SILVESTRIBUS
ET INCULTIS LOCIS
ANGLI DOMO PROCVGI
ANNO POST CHRISTVM NATVM M D C XXXVI
POST COLONIAM HVC DECVCTAM VI
SAPIENTIAM RATI ANTE OMNIA COLENDAM
SCHOLAM PVBLICE CONSIDERVNT
CONDITAM CHRISTO ET ECCLESIAE DICAVERVNT
QVAE AVCTA IOHANNIS HARVARDI MVNIFICENTIA
[EXTERNIS
A LITTERARVM FAVORIBVS CVM NOSTRATIBVS TVM
IDENTIDEM ADIVTA
ALVMNORVM DENIQUE FIDEI COMMISSA
[INCREMENTA
AB EXIGVIS PERDVCTA INITIIS AD MAIORA HERVM
[ACADEMICI
PRAESIDVM SOCIORVM INSPECTORVM SENATVS
CONSILII ET PVBLICIA ET CVRA
OPTVMAS ARTES VIRTUTES PVBLICAS
COLVIT COLIT
[FIRMAMENTI
QVAETERNITATEM DOCTV FVERINT FVLGERVNT QVASI SPLENDOR
ET QVI AD IVSTITIAM ERVDIVNT MVLTOS
QVASI STELLAE IN PERPETVAS AETERNITATE

[Here in the wilderness did English exiles, in the year after the birth of Christ the sixteen hundred and thirty-sixth, and the sixth after the foundation of their colony, believing that wisdom should first of all things be cultivated, by public enactment founded a school, and dedicated it to Christ and the church.]

Increased by the munificence of John Harvard, again and again assisted by the friends of good learning, not only here but abroad, and finally entrusted to the care of its own children; brought safely through from small beginnings to larger estate by the care and judgment and foresight of presidents, fellows, overseers and faculty—all liberal arts and public and private virtues it has cultivated, it cultivates still.

"But they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that bring many to righteousness, like the stars for ever and ever."

On the walls at the side of the stage are tablets recording the munificence of Mr. Sanders and the date of the erection of the building.

The architects are Mr. William R. Ware of the class of 1852, and Mr. Henry Van Brunt of the class of 1854. The stone work was done by Mr. J. Lynch, the masons' work by Mr. L. P. Soule, the carpenters' work by Messrs. Cressey and Noyes, the steam-heating by the Walworth Manufacturing Company, and the painting and decorating by Mr. W. J. McPherson. The colossal heads of Demosthenes, Cicero, St. Chrysostom, Bossuet, Chatham, Burke and Webster upon the outer wall, as well as the carved wood-work inside, were executed by Mr. John Evans.—*Advertiser*, June 20.

The Centennial Cantata.

[From the *Atlantic Monthly* for July.]

Mr. Dudley Buck's Centennial Cantata* is a very favorable example of the composer's style. Anything other than a masterly treatment of easily melodious and dramatically pertinent themes, coming from his facile pen, would have surprised us. We must think Mr. Buck has been unfortunate in the text to which he has written music. The greater part of Mr. Lanier's poem, apart from all considerations of its intrinsic poetical worth or unworth, is suitable to musical treatment in the dramatic, declamatory, Liszt-Wagner style, but is very ill adapted to musical treatment in the purely musical style in which Mr. Buck is so gracefully at home. Mr. Buck is, above all things, a musician, and never allows the dramatic possibilities of his text to lure him away from a musically self-dependent and consistent form.

Mr. Lanier recently wrote a newspaper letter in which he defended at great length his choice of method in composing this cantata-text. He there lays down three principles (which, in his view, constitute the *a, b, c* of the matter): (a) that every modern musical composer must write for the human voice as a part of the orchestra; (b) that only one general conception is permissible in the text, with some subordinate ideas very broadly contrasted; and (c) that in the case in point the poem should consist mainly of Saxon words, in order to aid in producing an effect of "big, manly, and yet restrained jubilation." We have nothing to object to the sincerity of Mr. Lanier's convictions, and, as we have intimated, we think he produced various phrases and movements well adapted to dramatic musical arrangement; but we feel bound to oppose his theory that poetry written for music need no longer be "perfectly clear, smooth, and natural." There are critics quite as competent as Mr. Lanier who do not believe that the pooriness of Wagner's texts for his own operas is at all essential to their musical splendor. And what does Mr. Lanier say to Schiller's ode, *An die Freude*, so magnificently set by Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony? We know of no text, either, which might so well inspire a musician of the modern school as Coleridge's Ancient Mariner (though this has been very inadequately used by the English composer, Barnett), a poem largely made up of clear and precise narrative. But, to take the example which seems to have been most immediate in its influence upon Mr. Lanier, Dr. von Bülow's orchestral rendering of Uhland's *Sänger's Fluch*, we may observe that the simple fact of the composer's skipping the "connective tissue" of narrative in that poem, and dwelling on the dramatic episodes in it, by no means proves that the intermediary narrative portions are "so much waste matter *quoad* music." Without these portions, the poem would have been comparatively worthless and ineffective, and could hardly have inspired any musician to the effort of interpretation. If Uhland had, without further explanation, given the ejaculative utterances of the king, the queen,

and the singer, he would have been unintelligible; and before his poem could have been translated into tones by Von Bülow, explanatory marginal notes would have been required, similar to those which Mr. Lanier wisely took the precaution to send to Mr. Buck; and possibly a posthumous newspaper letter from Uhland would not have been amiss. Moreover, a conception to be embodied in words and music cannot safely be subjected to just the same treatment as that which is given to the impression derived from a clear, concise poem, and about to be translated into orchestral effects. Mr. Lanier's fundamental error appears in a simile to which he confidently calls our attention, namely, that a poet asked to write a cantata-text is in precisely the predicament of a painter whimsically required to paint a picture that shall be viewed only by moonlight. This is as ludicrous as it is loose in its analogy. Mr. Lanier himself points out in one case the power of music to invest unmeaning syllables with great effect; and this alone shows that music is not an indistinct medium for the transmission of impressions, comparing with the power of non-musical vocal inflections "as moonlight . . . with sunlight." The syllable "zig, zig, zig" cannot possibly be made impressive in non-musical utterance. So that the idea that music, as contrasted with simple elocution, enfeebles and makes vague, falls to the ground. And even granting that it does make things vague, we should say that the poet, instead of adding to the dimness and mysticism of musical expression, ought to throw into his words a compensating clearness. In either case, then, Mr. Lanier is at fault. He has been misled by a simile, and has gone astray by reason of that peculiar and excessive roominess which an uncertain grasp of principles is apt to create in the mind. His law of the prevailing general idea and of the related subordinate ideas is quite correct, but not at all new; his choice of Saxon words is highly commendable; but his rejection of clearness and intelligibility is a lamentable error. It is quite possible that fine things may be produced in a mystical and indefinite vein, but no art can ever achieve greatly which sets out with forethought to be mystical and vague. Mr. Lanier says that he saturated his mind with a theory, and then waited for the poem to come. He would have done better to keep his mind more clear from theories, and to have gone ardently and without prejudice in search of his poem. As it is, in expounding the alphabet of a new poetic-musical art, he has forgotten that it must have a grammar also. And though undoubtedly revolutionary forces have been at work in music, and are now at work in poetry, which the general public may not appreciate, yet the criticisms which the Centennial cantata-text has met represent a healthy and instinctively correct popular protest against what is really a hasty and defective attempt to overthrow artistic order.

The character of Mr. Buck's music is almost always in keeping with the *spirit* of the text; we may be sure not to find him writing triumphal marches to words like "*Cujus animam gementem*," for instance; but all entering into dramatic details, to the detriment of essentially musical thematic development, seems to be repugnant to his nature. Now many of Mr. Lanier's verses are of that involved grammatical structure that makes them utterly incomprehensible when read merely prosodically. We must confess that Mr. Buck's setting often rather increases than lessens this quality in the poetry. Take, for instance, the lines,—

"Winter cries, Ye freeze: away!
Fever cries, Ye burn: away!
Hunger cries, Ye starve: away!
Vengeance cries, Your graves shall stay!"

The music to the first line is admirable: the basses thunder out, "Winter cries, Ye freeze;" upon which the whole chorus shriek, "Away!" But in the two following lines, all that the listener can understand is, "Fever cries, Ye burn away! Hunger cries, Ye starve away!" In the next line the music again makes the text wholly comprehensible and effective. There are one or two other places where the sense of the text is equally obscure to the listener.

Musically considered, the cantata is a most capital piece of writing. Mr. Buck does not write with a very Titanic pen, but his style is so pure and unforced, his effects are so easily and naturally brought about, that we cannot but overlook an occasional tendency to the trivial and commonplace. The bass solo, "Long as thine art," which sets out in a quite sufficiently commonplace and sentimental vein, gains strength as it goes on, and at the words, "Thy fame shall glow, thy fame shall shine," shows real

power and effective brilliancy. The *segued* final chorus is a great advance upon the composer's "The God of Jacob is our refuge," in his Forty-Sixth Psalm, and all the choral part from the words, "Mayflower, Mayflower," to the words, "Toil, give, kiss o'er and replight," is brilliant, and barring the occasional obscurity we have already mentioned, effective, dramatic even, if you will, but always in a merely general way.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 8, 1876.

Encores in Concerts.

The privilege of the *encore* is one which the sovereign public, in the uncontainableness of its enthusiasm, is continually abusing. The cry of *encore*, in its strict meaning, to which in practice it seems not half of the time confined, is simply *Again!* And it is both natural and reasonable that an audience should ask sometimes for a repetition of a piece of music, which, either in itself or in the performance, has caused peculiar and unanimous satisfaction. But it is a privilege most easily abused; it soon ceases to be a distinction and becomes a bore. To keep its exercise within due limits, there are several things to be considered: as,

1. The unity of the concert, regarded as an artistic whole.
2. The rights of the rest of the audience.
3. Justice to the performers.
4. Justice to the music and the composer, and our own musical culture in regard to them.

All these, and perhaps more, properly take precedence of our own momentary pleasure, which would prolong itself by an *encore*.

1. On the first point, consider that the programme of a good concert is itself a work of art, wisely made up and proportioned as to length, quantity, quality, variety, and with a skilful study of contrasts. If it be a programme of the solid, classical kind, substantially made up of symphony and overtures, or of quartets and sonatas, and if a vocal piece or two, or an instrumental solo of a long string of variations, is introduced by way of foil and contrast, the hearer blindly defeats his own intention by vociferously encoring one or more of these latter, as he will find to his cost before the programme is finished; for he has added so much to its total length, indulging too long in that single sweetmeat, till the whole grows heavy. And it seems to be the fatality that it is almost always the lighter and secondary matters, the solos—for the poor reason that these are personal,—that get the encores. The demanding of a repetition of a movement in a symphony or quartet, sometimes,—for instance, an *andante* of Beethoven, shows better taste; but even this is dangerous and should be kept exceptional, for it alters the proportions of the work and of the concert. Justice to the idea and plan of the concert, then, should teach us to be sparing of our interference to disturb its fair proportions. If artists, rather say virtuosos, have been so much spoiled by these unstinted encores, that they actually allow for them in their programmes, as items understood, the more the better,—why this is all the stronger illustration of the evil we are pointing out.

2. Justice to our fellow auditors is equally important, even justice to the minority,—certainly to the more quiet, undemonstrative, but not for that less truly music-loving majority. It is not the best music-lovers, who most readily express their pleasure by the clapping of hands. Such noisy demonstrations, too, come in unnaturally after the

* The Centennial Meditation of Columbia. A Cantata for the inaugural ceremonies at Philadelphia, May 10, 1876. Poem by SIDNEY LANIER. Music by DUDLEY BUCK. New York: G. Schirmer.

best kind of music. When we are most deeply moved and interested by works which speak to the intellect and to the soul, we are inclined to the most silent form of approbation. At least such is the case with persons of that quiet, meditative and harmonious temperament, which is most likely to be found *en rapport* with music of the most classical and intellectual character. Now it not unfrequently happens that where the mass of an audience are of this class, and the piece of Beethoven or Mendelssohn has passed off deeply and quietly enjoyed, but not vociferously applauded, a few of the younger and more thoughtless, by sheer force of hands and feet and lungs, have raised one of those thundering encores after the most hacknied overture, or operatic cavatina, or fantasia upon "Hail Columbia," which there is no resisting. The hacknied and the trifling are crammed down our throats by this means; since the silent, music-loving many are no match for the others in the way of noise. The worst of all this is, too, that it depraves the artist, if he be not a person of high and unfinching artist aim and force of character. The virtuoso of the voice or violin, even the conductor of the orchestra, thinks that the polka is far more appreciated and desired by the audience than the symphony of Mozart or the overture of Cherubini, because it is far more loudly applauded and redemanded by the imperative and forward likers of that sort of thing. So he adapts his programme, as he fancies, to the general will; for he must manage at some rate to be popular; he gives no credit for the silent sympathy for his nobler efforts, which if truly counted should outweigh the noisy demonstrations of the others, and he commences catering systematically to what he falsely takes to be the public taste.

3. Justice to the performer. The *encore* frequently becomes a nuisance, where it signifies not approbation or delight, so much as a gluttonous and unreasonable demand for more. If the audience in this case were a musically half-starved Oliver Twist, it would be well; but it is commonly in a state of positive plethora, that this greedy, avaricious appetite of a portion of an audience insists upon the singer or pianist coming back, to follow up the long and arduous solo, by an extra set of rigmorale, ear-tickling variations, ten to one on the most hacknied national or negro melody. It seems as if some people were possessed at concerts with a jealous eagerness to get out of an artist their full money's worth. And so cheap as our concerts are! Think what amount and quality and variety of music is open not unfrequently to thousands at a price that would be moderate for the mere privilege of sitting for a social hour in so agreeable a place! A popular pianist, though he play twice, seldom escapes two of these greedy encores; because he has played once, they hold him bound to play again, and make the most of his good nature, seeing that they have got him there. The infant phenomenon (say some little maiden violinist) is invariably a victim. The physical strength or weakness of the child are not considered,—still less the possibility that the young brain, after long concentration as intense and earnest as is required by the grave studies of mature manhood, or the young heart's over-stimulated capacity of impulse and emotion, can become fatigued. Beautiful as it is, it is also a sad sight to see the little girl so overtasked and victimized, a gentle gladiator, for the pleasure of a thoughtless, self-indulgent multitude, who seem to know as little what is good for themselves, as they do what is just and kind for her.

4. What should be most, but with the majority of concert goers is least, regarded in the exercise of the *encore*, is justice to the Art and the composer, and our own culture in regard to them. We have the most familiar, even hacknied piece repeated, when we let the noblest and (to us) the newest pass half-heard and not half-comprehended. We make a personal matter of an *encore*, redemanding the singer to do over again a brilliant feat and receive new plaudits, when we hear once through with barely a patient civility some one of the master-works, to which Music owes all its dignity as Art. If Beethoven or Mozart be in the concert, in one of their most living and eternal products, is there less due to these, bodily absent, than to Signor Whiskeroso Urlo, the *tenore*, or Signorina Screecherina, the *prima donna assoluta*, who have been so emphatically on hand with their bravura runs and shakes, in some thread-bare and long-suffering cavatina? Is it not wise sometimes to try to find the best in that which time and the judgment of all qualified to judge have shown to be the best? Surely no less is due to Art and to our own culture.

This principle, if practiced upon, would sometimes lead us to *encore* the piece, that was *not* the most perfectly performed, for the very reason that it might be done a second time and done better; that the performer might do better justice to himself and to the composer, and that the piece itself (new to us and poorly comprehended, while we have abundant outward evidence that it is good and worth our pains to understand it) might be found better and clearer on a second hearing. We remember a case. Miss ——— sang a scena from *Fidelio*, the only opera that divides the world's opinion with Mozart's *Don Juan*. It was wholly new to a Boston audience; the music was strange and had too much in it to allow it to pass lightly and triumphantly off upon a single trial. The singer too was less effective, less herself in it, (perchance some momentary embarrassment) than she was usually. Here were two of the best of reasons for an *encore*, namely, the strong probability that the singer would render it much more effectively, and that the audience would "get the hang" of the music better, on a second trial. Would not the time spent on a repetition of the *Fidelio* air, that was accorded to a repetition of the "Last Rose of Summer," have been a far better economy of our musical opportunities?

These are mere hints. It is easier, we know, to point out abuses, than to regulate by set rules a matter necessarily so indefinite and complex in its manifestations as the instinct (for it must be after all a thing of instinct, perfectly spontaneous) which dictates the *encore* in musical performances. It certainly can do no harm, and may do some good, to think a little of these things.

The Lower Rhine Musical Festival.

In these hot midsummer days we have to look abroad for music of much interest. These are our days of rest,—these longest, fullest, sweetest days of all the year, in spite of the thermometer,—when it is good to surrender oneself, soul and body, to the restoring influences of Nature. If there were operas and concerts we should feel little disposition to listen to them in the crowd, still less to bear away their burden on the mind and write about them.

A correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following account of the opening of this famous music meeting, which has been held at Aix-la-Chapelle:

The festival of 1876 may be said to have commenced on Friday last, on which day and on Saturday morning most careful rehearsals were held. For the three concerts six full rehearsals are insured, and these are perhaps the distinguishing feature of a German festival, and the main cause of such finished performances as those to which *habitués* on these occasions are accustomed. To musicians present these 'Proben' are perhaps even more interesting than the concerts themselves, as giving an opportunity of observing the manner in which a good conductor drills his forces and works them up to the required pitch of efficiency, and elicits with care and patience all nuances of light and shade, giving finish, polish, and brilliancy to the selections. The *chef d'orchestre* on the occasion under notice is Ferdinand Breunung, one of Hiller's best students at the Cologne Conservatorium some twenty years ago, and appointed Music Director here about 1866. It was hoped that Brahms would have conducted a portion of the music, but some hitch occurred in securing the aid of that eminent composer. This disappointment, together with the absence of Fräulein Lehmann, the rising soprano at Berlin, who, with other artists, is reported to be detained at the Bayreuth rehearsals, and perhaps also counter-attractions connected with that forthcoming Wagner Festival, as well as less genial Whitsuntide weather than usual in Germany, combined to cause a smaller attendance of musicians this year than at such previous gatherings at Aachen. As the hall here in which the festival is held is considerably smaller than either the 'Gurzenich' at Cologne, or the new 'Tönhalle' at Düsseldorf—in fact, far too small for the occasion—the number of performers, though less than that usually assembled at those towns, is nevertheless too great for the inadequate 'Kurhaus,' which scarcely accommodates an audience of 1,000 persons. The interior of this building has been embellished since the festival of 1873, and a fine organ of 43 stops and 2,500 pipes, by Stahlhuth of Aachen, has been recently erected.

The chorus contains 102 sopranos, 77 altos, 79 tenors, and 120 basses—total, 378. The orchestra comprises 46 violins, 18 violas, 16 violoncellos, and

12 double-basses, with the 'wind' doubled (six horns), making, inclusive of harpist and organist, 124 players, and a total number of 502 performers, about the number of those at our Birmingham festivals. The principal soloists are Fräulein Meysenheym (soprano), of the Munich Opera; Fräulein Kling (contralto), from Berlin; Herren Ernst (tenor), of the Berlin Opera; Wassnöfer (baritone), from Vienna; Pfeiffer (bass), from Hildburghausen and Schradieck (violin), from Leipzig; and Mme. Essipoff (pianoforte), from St. Petersburg.

On the first day—Whit-Sunday—Handel's oratorio 'Solomon' was given almost in its integrity according to the original score, with the excellent organ part, made by Mendelssohn in 1835, and as performed under Hiller's direction at the Cologne Festival of 1862. The translation of the English text, written by Dr. Morell in 1748, consisted partly of the version made for Mendelssohn by his friend Klingemann and partly of that published in the Leipzig edition of the Handel Society, Vol. 26, 1867. The compromise is satisfactory, and the music of 'Solomon' suffers less than either 'Israel,' 'Messiah,' or 'Judas' by the adaptation to it of German words. The overture, with its bright fugue, but minus its third movement, played by strings and oboes only, showed off the old-fashioned scoring to the greatest advantage, the fugal subject standing out in as bold relief from the subordinate harmony as a sharply-defined outline of the Alps against a background of early morning sky. The fine lead of the basses in the open chorus, 'Your harps and cymbals sound,' told of wonted efficiency in that register of voice. Seldom, indeed, is such cultivated and intelligent singing elicited from a large chorus. But here, as at the recent performances in London of Bach's B minor 'Mass,' under the able direction of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the chorus mainly consisted of ladies and gentlemen of superior education, who had for months worked *con amore* at numerous rehearsals. Among the choruses best given at Aachen was that ending with 'Till distant nations catch the song,' with the graphic and effective reiteration of those words, as if the Levite priest were endeavoring to burn the great lesson into the memory of all and for ever, and resolving that the Hymn of Praise should be echoed 'Throughout the land,' to quote the opening words of the glorious fugue for eight voices which shortly after is taken up by the chorus of Israelites. The 'Night-ingle chorus,' always so finely given at our Handel Festivals, would have produced a greater impression had more light and shade been infused into the vocal part. The splendid incense chorus, 'From the censer,' in which the words, 'Happy, happy Solomon,' are tossed about from one choir to the other with such fine antiphonal effect, and the melodious little five-part chorus, 'From the East unto the West,' were, as usual, most striking choral items in the second part of the work. The third act, containing the visit of the Queen of Sheba, and the grand chain of 'Passion choruses,' as they are known in England, or, as in Germany they are called, 'Wechselgesängen,' could not produce a very deep impression on an English listener remembering their unequalled performance under Sir Michael Costa at the Crystal Palace in 1862, 1868, and 1871. The finest of them, 'Draw the tear from hopeless love,' which is seldom sung in tune, was in that respect immaculate at Aachen, but the sublime modulations at

'Lengthen out the solemn air,
Full of death and wild despair,'

seemed to need the support of additional accompaniments; and the introduction of these chords in the organ part—evidently to aid the choral intonation in taking a difficult 'discord'—after the word 'death,' and where Handel has indicated silence, marred the effect of one of the greatest things in music.

Two of the five principal soloists engaged possessed good voices and sang with much taste—namely, Fräulein Kling and Herr Pfeiffer. The Berlin contralto often recalled the style and manner of Mme. Joachim, and sang well in oratorio. But, with these exceptions, the solo vocalists were unworthy of the occasion—the soprano, tenor, and barytone being much below par. In the part of *Solomon*, which Mme. Sainton-Dolby has made memorable, Fräulein Kling was very efficient, and her rendering of 'What though I trace' was excellent, despite some slight slips as to time, and was the one redeeming feature in the solo singing in the oratorio. The voice, method, and intonation of the Viennese barytone are alike unfortunate, and neither he nor the Berlin tenor seems to have an idea of singing Handel's bravura passages, which, being

extremely difficult, require special study. The Munich soprano has some dramatic power, but her intonation in the upper part of her voice is uncertain, and her mode of attacking high notes is unrestrained and inartistic. In fact, the less said about the solos, especially in the oratorio, the better. The tempi taken by the conductor, though sometimes very different from those to which English hearers are accustomed, were on the whole commendable. The bright and charming instrumental introduction to the third act was taken presto rather than allegro, which made its resemblance in style and in key to the overture to 'Acis and Galatea' all the more noticeable, and was played with the utmost brilliancy, eliciting prolonged applause.

This first festival concert commenced at half-past six o'clock, and, including a pause of nearly an hour, when performers and audience strolled out of the heated room into the adjoining garden for a moonlight promenade *al fresco*, lasted more than four hours.

The concert on Whit Monday, the second day, possessed, as has been already hinted, much interest. Without a symphony by Beethoven, a Rhinish festival is not considered complete unless, indeed, the great master should be otherwise adequately represented in some large choral work. But, as is urged in the excellent prefatory remarks in the festival books, if the latter course is adopted, and the symphony is one of the masterpieces of Mozart, Schubert, or Schumann, a return is ever made the following year to the sublime 'Sinfonie-Tempel' reared by the unsurpassable master, in which temple the third, fifth, seventh, and ninth symphonies form the corner pillars. 'Aachen has on this occasion selected the first of these corner pillars ("Eckpfeiler") to support the programme of the second day, and doubts not that the "Eroica" will kindle enthusiasm in all hearts, and attune them to thorough enjoyment.' That great work was grandly given.

Schumann's cantata, 'The Singer's Curse,' came next in the programme. The text is modified by Pohl from Uhland's ballad, and the composition was first heard at the thirty-fifth of these festivals in 1857. As generally in Greek plays, the chorus in this work is a mere beholder or listener, the *dramatis personæ*, or soloists, being unusually prominent. The solo element at this year's festival being its weakest feature, the choice of 'Des Sängers Fluch' was not happy. Fräulein Kling, as the 'Erzählerin,' or narrator, and Herr Pfeiffer, as the King, left little to be desired; but Herren Ernst and Wallnifer, respectively representing 'the old harpist' and 'the youth,' were scarcely more efficient than in singing Handel's music the previous day. The music introduced by Schumann as the 'Provençal song,' with harp *obbligato*, is too charming to escape a re-demand, with which Herr Ernst complied. The last chorus, ending

'Versunken und vergessen!
Das ist des Sängers Fluch!'

is thoroughly worthy of the composer, to whose romantic and poetical mind a subject so Schumannesque as Uhland's ballad could hardly fail to suggest music conceived in a thoroughly kindred spirit. But some of the work is so difficult and so unvoiced, even were it undertaken by the very best artists, as to become intolerable when executed by indifferent vocalists; and 'The Singer's Curse' is thus not likely to become popular. Its title, may, indeed, have a meaning for those who undertake some of its solos which may not have been foreseen by either author or composer.

Schumann's bright and charming *finale* to 'Lorelei' followed in excellent contrast, and, both as a Rhine legend and the work of one who did much for Rhine festivals, was an appropriate selection. The chorus and band were thoroughly efficient. Fräulein Meysenheim received unbounded applause for a spirited and dramatic reading of the part of *Leonore*, despite her tendency to exaggerate and to sing out of tune in high notes; but the well-known voice of Mlle. Tietjens, who so often and so finely takes the principal solo, was much missed by English hearers. The limited space of the "Kurhaus" was also a drawback; and, to quote one instance, at the passage 'Denn der Wind und der Sturm sind wilde Gessellen,' the noise was terrific. Otherwise, all went well, and Mendelssohn's music gains very considerably by being sung to the charming poetry of Geibel, instead of to a translation.

The second part of the programme opened with Weber's glorious overture to 'Euryanthe' taken a trifle slower than usual, after which Brahms' 'Triumphlied' followed. Written to commemorate the German victories in 1870-1871, and inscribed to

the Emperor, this important work was given by Hiller at the Cologne festival two years ago.

On the third day—Whit-Tuesday—the so-called 'artists' concert' was given. This interesting addition to the original two days' festival was introduced by Mendelssohn and is now a permanent institution. On this occasion the soloists are brought prominently forward, and generally give some admirable specimens of 'Lieder,' sung to pianoforte accompaniment. The programme began with an admirable overture by the conductor, in which Herr Breunung proved himself a thorough musician of the school of Schumann. Gade's charming overture, 'Nachklänge von Ossian,' which has been heard in England, was one of the most interesting items in the Aachen programme. Solos by Gluck, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Liszt, and Brahms were contributed by the principal artists, each of them leaving the platform covered with honor and flowers. The celebrated pianiste, Mme. Annette Essipoff, who is on her way to London, where she had last year so great a success, played Weber's Concertstück with the orchestra, and (alone) variations by Rameau, Fantasiestück and 'Traumeswirren' by Schumann, and Liszt's grand Etude in D flat. On being recalled Mme. Essipoff played an arrangement of the minuet and trio in Mozart's E flat Symphony, but the enthusiastic audience cheered until she played again. The two choruses which had taken most at this festival—the 'Night-ingle' and 'Praise the Lord,' from 'Solomon,' having been repeated by the splendid Rhinish choristers, the festival of 1876 came to an end with a well-merited demonstration to the director, Breunung. The rain came down in torrents as the audience were leaving the concert-room.

The introduction of an organ solo, as at the Düsseldorf festival of 1863, was a feature of special interest. The instrument lately erected by Staluth, of Aachen, was worthily inaugurated by a fine performance by Breunung, who thus appeared in the capacity of organist as well as composer and conductor. The soft stops are unusually excellent; and in the second movement of Mendelssohn's Sonata, No. 1, the contrast of wood and metal was admirable. But in the first and last movements the effect was not good, the louder stops, as well as the balance of manuals and pedal organ, being quite unsatisfactory. The latter portion contains a '32 ft. reed,' and is altogether far too heavy for the manuals. In the *finale* of the sonata the roaring of the leviathan 'bombarde,' and the undue prominence throughout of the bass part caused confusion and indistinctness. The example here set might be advantageously followed at our festivals this year at Birmingham and Bristol, where grand organs are usually silent on such occasions, excepting in accompaniment.

'SAVE THE OLD SOUTH!' No music thrills the patriotic soul just now with so much power as this appeal, which comes to us on all sides. No true Bostonian, no true American, can help responding to it. We can add nothing in the way of exhortation or of argument, which has not been most eloquently presented over and over again. But among the many forms of the appeal we are struck with the force of the following suggestion made in the columns of the *Daily Globe*. In copying it, we take the liberty to make a single correction: The German Valhalla is just out of Ratibon (or Regensburg), not Munich, which is 70 or 80 miles away.

In Bavaria, just out of Munich, on a swell of land overlooking the beautiful suburbs of that city, so elevated that it may be seen from afar, stands the Valhalla—the Hall of the Immortals—erected by the State in memory of its illustrious dead. In the old Norse mythology the Valhalla is the Hall of the Immortals, where those who have made great sacrifices for their country feast with the gods. The building is a Doric colonnade surrounding three sides of a quadrangle. Its marble frieze is adorned with figures of exquisite design and sculpture, representing the arts, sciences, professions and occupations of civilized life, while ranged in niches and on pedestals are the statues of those who in war and in peace have made themselves illustrious. In the centre of the quadrangle stands a colossal bronze statue sixty-one feet high, representing Bavaria, their protectress. In her right hand she holds the sword of state, and in her left the chaplet which she will wreath around the brows of those worthy of her honor. In the Tuileries and at Versailles, by statuary and painting, France keeps in remembrance her honored dead. England also has her Valhalla—Westminster Abbey—where she crowns her sovereigns, and where, when life's fitful fever is over, she entombs them, where by martial cenotaph and tablet she commemorates not only her sovereigns, but her poets, statesmen and warriors.

America too has her Valhalla, the one place above all others on earth where men have accomplished great things for the human race—giving a mighty uplift to human freedom. What other building in the wide world is so identified with the progress of human liberty and the equal rights of man as the place where James Otis, Samuel Adams, John Adams, John Hancock and their compatriots withstood kingly prerogative and ministerial privilege—the Old South? Were Westminster Abbey to be burned or overthrown by an earthquake the whole world would lament its destruction. If in some civil commotion or foreign invasion the tide of battle were to

surge around it and it were to become a ruin, a wall of sorrow would be heard from every land. Were a London mob in a moment of frenzy to level it with the ground there would be a universal outburst of indignation.

But worse than such a calamity is the prospective fate of the Old South, unless a united effort is put forth to save it. America's Hall of the Immortals knocked off to the highest bidder! Is there a citizen of Boston, of Massachusetts, of the United States, whose cheek does not mantle with shame and indignation at the thought? Harvard and Yale and all the colleges of the land are erecting memorial halls in honor of those who laid down their lives for their country, and yet we have permitted the auctioneer to knock down to the highest bidder the edifice forever consecrated to the advancement of the human race by the undying patriotism of those who established the nation.

Fellow citizens, the Old South must stand! The city or the State must assume its control, and preserve it forever as America's Hall of the Immortals. If Bavaria can erect a temple in honor of her illustrious dead, if England guards with reverential care the spot where she commemorates departed worth, if Harvard and Yale can rear splendid edifices in honor of those who have done honor to their Alma Mater, shall Boston—shall Massachusetts be so dead to all noble sentiment, so mercenary, as to permit the Old South to be carried away piecemeal as so much rubbish? Never! It must stand. Art must beautify it. Within its hallowed walls let the effigies in marble of Otis, Mayhew, the Adameses, Franklin, Hancock, Warren, Revere, Prescott, Pomeroy, Lincoln, Ward, Webster, Wilson, Sumner, Andrew, Everett, and the long list of her illustrious dead be placed. Let cenotaph and tablet commemorate their virtues. So shall we make the edifice, consecrated by prayer and praise, by eloquence and heroic action, forever an inspiration—the one place above all others glorious in the land.

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

Music in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 27, 1876. The garden concerts of the Thomas orchestra are becoming more and more popular, and are crowded nightly. The programmes are somewhat lighter in their character than those usually given by Mr. Thomas. As yet, no solo attractions beyond those belonging to the orchestra have appeared; but quite a number of eminent pianists are expected to appear during the season, among whom may be mentioned Miss Julia Rive and Mr. S. B. Mills.

OFFENBACH, AIMEE AND OPERA BOUFFE.

Opera bouffe is a subject that a discreet critic would rather shun. If he has any regard for his conscience and for the public morals or the public taste, he cannot well commend it. To condemn it, is not only to pronounce the public taste all wrong and the public morals no better than they should be, but suggests an assumption of superior virtue, toward which, when exhibited in newspaper criticism, a scoffing public is somewhat apt to take an attitude of scepticism. Opera bouffe is not an isolated phenomenon. It is but one manifestation of a spirit that just now pervades the art of Continental Europe and is shown in painting and sculpture and literature no less than in music and the drama. Take the works of the fashionable French painter, or more especially the pictures of the Spanish-Italian school which our rich amateurs import at such fabulous prices. It is nothing but opera bouffe on canvas. Amorous old men in fantastical attire leering at immodest girls loitering in palace gardens, setting traps for wealth and station, court jesters making sport of dignitaries, whatever the subject, the picture has nothing in it, but reckless laughter or a cynical sneer. The spirit of opera bouffe is deeper than its indecency. It is not so much that vice triumphs over virtue, as that there is no such thing as virtue. Honor and earnestness, love and duty, purity, sincerity and the rest—all these are the silliest abstractions, and life but a prodigious joke. A generation ago all this would have been incomprehensible to Americans, to whom life had always been very real and earnest, but later years have made a change—we have seen so much opera bouffe in our own affairs—the rogues in prosperity, the incapables in power, the flash and glitter and tinsel everywhere, that we have learned to laugh at it—of course the license that goes with this leads to licentiousness; and yet we will do the good people who crowded the Arch Street Theatre last evening the justice to say that we do not believe that many of them understood the nastiness of the play. They saw Aimee looking as fresh and mischievous as ever in her gown, singing and chattering as gaily as a girl; they saw the irrepressible Frenchman laughing and strutting upon the stage in the utmost good humor with himself and everybody. They saw a whole party in short, apparently enjoying themselves to the utmost, singing the jolliest tunes, and though they did not understand one single word of it, they laughed at it heartily and cheered the composer who created all this—nastiness.—It is of very little use to tell the people that the play is indecent, the music trifling and the whole thing unworthy of an earnest, sober minded community. Be virtuous and you will be laughed at, is the motto of opera bouffe.

THE MUSICAL CONGRESS.

The grand operatic concert given at the Academy of Music by Mr. James W. Morrissey, as I predicted, in my last letter, were a great success. The large Academy of Music was crowded each evening, and on Saturday night one thousand chairs were placed upon the stage, and the aisles filled with camp stools, yet hundreds were turned away unable to purchase standing room even. Miss Cary received quite an ovation on her appearance. She was in splendid voice and sang magnificently, receiving tumultuous encores; she is so well known to both your readers and yourself, that it is only necessary for me to record her success. She appeared Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Miss Kellogg was also enthusiastically received and sang well as she always does. But to me, she is as cold as a marble statue; her voice lacks that pathos, or that almost indefinable something, that many term soul, and when brought into close companionship with an artist like Miss Cary, her cold, unsympathetic vocalization is very noticeable. She sang Monday and Wednesday evening. Mrs. Zaida Seguin, always a great favorite here, never sung so well as on Monday evening; she was called time after time to the stage. She is a pains-

taking, thoroughly conscientious artist. Her efforts and success were not so marked, on Wednesday evening. She sang Monday and Wednesday evenings. Mlle. Cervantes is a very pleasant young lady of sixteen summers, Harpist to H. I. H. Dom Pedro; dresses magnificently, wears a number of medals; but, in all kindness, I cannot say very much in her praise as an artist; perhaps in time she may make a performer; at present her performance is not above mediocrity. Mr. Joseph White, the Cuban violinist, made a hit with the audience; his tone is pure and sweet, but not powerful; he has a beautiful technique and considerable execution; but he lacks breadth of conception and depth of sentiment. Signor Brignoli has seen his palmist days, but knows it not. He still clings to his old loves: "Come into the garden, Maud," and "Good bye, sweet heart, good bye," etc. The audience treated him very kindly, encoring all his numbers, more I suspect on account of what he has been than for what he is now. Mr. Remmert has a magnificent voice, with the exception of some of his upper tones which sound throaty. Sig. Ferranti is also growing old, and his voice has lost much of its freshness; yet he was recalled five times. He appeared on Wednesday evening only. Miss Julia Rivé and Mr. S. B. Mills were down on the programme for a duet the first evening, but the lady having just arisen from a sick bed and not knowing that she had been advertised, refused to appear on account of her extreme weakness. Mr. Mills played a little Barcarolle of his own instead. On Wednesday evening the young lady under a tremendous pressure was induced to play the Faust Waltz.—The effect of her recent illness was very apparent in her looks, but was not so noticeable in her performance. Mr. Mills played one of his own compositions (a Barcarolle) and the tenth Rhapsodie by Liszt, (the programme called it the Spring Song). Mr. Mills played Monday and Wednesday. On Saturday evening Mr. William Sherwood made his Philadelphia debut, his numbers were:

- [a]. "A Capriccio of his own."
[b]. Octave study by Kullak.

His selections and place in the programme were both unfortunate, being the last but one in a programme of fifteen numbers. Mr. Sherwood is a thorough artist, having great power, delicacy, expression and fire, with a fairly good technique. You certainly will hear a good account of him in the future, notwithstanding his success here was not very marked.

Miss Julia Rivé was the recipient of a handsome compliment from His Imperial Highness Dom Pedro on Saturday evening. Her performance on Wednesday evening had fatigued her greatly and she had notified the management that it would be impossible for her to appear; but the Emperor having sent a request to Mr. Morrissey to have Miss Rivé play the Second Rhapsodie by Liszt, after much persuasion she consented to do so. Her performance on this occasion was like a wonderful revelation. It was a surprise and delight to the whole house, and was rendered beyond all criticism. Her beautiful touch, the limpid quality of her tone, and the dazzling brilliancy of her execution, the fire and passionate abandon, which she infuses into her performance, delicate and intelligent phrasing, power, depth and breadth of contrast, I have never heard surpassed by any artist on or off the stage. At the conclusion of her performance the Emperor and suite arose and applauded heartily, and Miss Rivé was most enthusiastically recalled, but on account of her extreme fatigue only bowed her acknowledgments. She was engaged for six months at the Centennial to give recitals in the ladies' pavilion on the Centennial grounds and for a series of recitals to be given at the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, but on account of her health she has been compelled to cancel both engagements.

RECEPTION TO MISS CARY.

On Wednesday evening after the concert, the Messrs. Decker Brothers gave Miss Cary a reception at their Centennial residence. Among the distinguished people present were: Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Mrs. Zaida Seguin, Miss Julia Rivé, Mrs. and Mlle. Cervantes, Sig. Brignoli, Sig. Ferranti, Mr. Joseph White, Geo. N. Colby, Mr. Behrens, Mr. Remmert, S. B. Mills, Wm. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. Levasor, Mrs. Parry, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, representatives of the Press, etc., etc. A most enjoyable reception it was, and one of the most brilliant of the season. Your correspondent desires to publicly thank Mr. Charles A. Decker and Mr. James M. Morrissey for their kindness on the above occasion.

C. H.

Wagnerian Flotsam and Jetsam.

The Bayreuther Correspondenz has published the full "cast" of the Tetralogical-Trilogy to be performed at Bayreuth next August. The following are the names of the artists, the places they hail

from, and the characters they sustain: Herr Niemann (Berlin), Siegmund; Herr Betz (Berlin), Wotan; Herr Hill (Schwerin), Alberich; Herr Unger (Bayreuth), Siegfried and Froh; Herr Gura (Leipzig), Gunther; Herr Schlosser (Munich), Mime; Herr Vogl (Munich), Loge; Herr Kögl (Hamburg), Hagen; Herr Reichenberg (Stettin), Fasner; Herr Eilers (Coburg), Fasolt; Herr Niering (Darmstadt), Hunding; Herr Elmhald (Berlin), Donner; Mad. Friedrich-Materna (Vienna), Brunhilde; Mdlle. Schöffky (Munich), Sieglinde; Mad. Grün (Coburg), Fricka, a Norn; Mad. Jäule (Darmstadt), Waltraute, Erda, a Norn; Mad. Jachmann Wagner (Berlin), Schwertleite, a Norn; Mdlle. Weckerlin (Munich), Gutrune; Mad. Reicher-Kindermann (Munich), Rosswiese; Mdlle. Lilli Lehmann (Berlin), Helmwige, Woglinde; Mdlle. Marie Lehmann (Berlin), Orlinde, Wellgunde; Mdlle. Haupt (Kassel), Gerhilde; Mdlle. Ammann (Vienna), Siegrune; Mdlle. Lammert (Berlin), Grimmgarde, Flosshilde.

The Berliner Fremdenblatt, in one of its recent numbers, says:—

"The Managing Council of the great Bayreuth Joint-stock association, trading under the style and title of 'Richard Wagner and Wife,' have begun issuing their certificates of musical-future legitimation in the shape of cards for the grand general four days' meeting, at which, fortunately, only the share-holders will have seats. Let us hope that the singers may enjoy good voice. The Three-Hundred-Mark-Cards for the Bayreuth Stage-Festival-Play, lasting from the 13th to the 16th August—those cards which are the unattainable object of the yearnings of so many among 'Richard Wagner's less wealthy adherents'—were distributed and dispatched a few days ago. To day we have received the cards for the gentlemen who report for the press, each reporter having four different cards of four different colors: yellow, grey, blue, and red. There are full directions on each card, stating for what day of the Stage-Festival-Play, *Der Ring der Nibelungen*, and for what seat it is available and through which door of the Stage-Festival-Play-House its bearer has to pass. Furthermore, not only is the commencement of the performance generally marked upon the cards, but the beginning of each separate act, namely: Sunday, the 13th August, as preparatory evening, *Rheingold*, at five p.m.; Monday, the 14th August, as first day, *Walküre*, 1st Act at four o'clock p.m., 2nd Act at six o'clock p.m., 3rd Act at eight o'clock p.m.; Tuesday, the 15th August, as second day, *Siegfried*, 1st Act at four o'clock p.m., 2nd Act at six o'clock p.m., 3rd Act at eight o'clock p.m.; Wednesday, the 16th August, as third day, *Götterdämmerung*, 1st Act at four o'clock p.m., 2nd Act at half-past six o'clock p.m., 3rd Act at half-past eight o'clock p.m.; so on the whole, there will be ten acts, occupying at least fifteen hours. As the reader may, however, perceive, from the distribution of the time, the persons having aught to do with the *Ring* are allowed, after each act, a tolerably long pause—to recover from the treat, and to partake of creature comforts—as a coupon, that can be torn off each card, entitles the bearer to visit the Refreshment Department free of cost. One thing is certain—the treat will be a very fattening treat, and we trust that the musical battle-field will have a properly-organized sanitary staff, as well as everything else. Professor Pollitzer, who, as one of Wagner's most enthusiastic admirers, is certain to be in Bayreuth, may, perhaps, be induced, in the interest of art, to undertake the direction of the ear-ambulance and the mending of broken tympana."

The visitors "of importance" who may with certainty be expected to be present during the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Performances will include, according to the officially-inspired *Bayreuther Correspondenz* already mentioned, Sig. Francesco Lucca, music-publisher, of Milan, Donna Laura di Minghetti, of Rome, Mad. Maria Muchanoff, of Warsaw, the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, the Khedive of Egypt, the Emperor of Germany, and the Baroness von Schleinitz, of Berlin. The late Sultan, also, figured in the list. The name of his successor does not appear there; this must of course be due to an accidental omission on the part of the printer.

Curious anecdotes are related concerning the applications for free admissions, of which there are to be two hundred. The number of applicants who base their request for a pass upon their boundless admiration for Herr R. Wagner and all his works is not simply legion, but legions. Their letters, however, are mostly consigned to the waste-paper basket. But some of the petitioners are more knowing, and, in consequence, more successful. Thus, one person, writing from Vienna, proved with mathematical accuracy that he had a right to claim a free pass, and that the composer was bound to send him one. His line of reasoning ran somewhat to this effect. He had heard *Tannhäuser* 60 times. This, at 60 kreutzers a time, makes 36 florins. He had attended 54 performances of *Lohengrin*; 49 of *Der Fliegende*; and 6 of *Rienzi*. He had also purchased all Wagner's books and scores. In this way he showed that the sums Wagner had cost him would, if collected and invested, have produced every year at least enough to purchase a seat at the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Performances. His argument was apparently irrefutable, for he obtained his free admission.—*London Musical World*, June 17.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Song of the Forge. Db. 4. d to d. (Bass Staff.) *Fellon.* 30
"Then strike, boys, strike, keep time with me, While work and song go cheerily."
A fine rolling, manly song for Bass voice.

Dear Home of my Childhood. D. 3. d to F. *Abt.* 30
"That sunlit old dwelling."
One more first-class "Song of Home."

Little Bud of Loveliness. Song and Cho. C. 3. c to F. *Danks.* 30
"Put your arms around me tight, Kiss me just once more tonight."
A charming "home" song.

One sweet sunny Face. Song and Cho. G. 3. d to F. *Danks.* 35
"Some dear loving heart, always true."
A rich and varied melody.

He would not say "good-night." Song and Cho. C. 3. d to F. *Pratt.* 30
"Although I loved him all the while."
A very pretty musical description of a lover's "tiff."

Just where the Brook winds. F. 3. c to F. *Abt.* 30
"Do you remember, in days of yore, When life was but a summer time of glee."
The refrain, "just where the brook winds" comes in frequently. An elegant song, and may be sung as a duet, if one pleases.

Half Confessions. "I will not tell, but you may guess." F. 5. d to b. *Sturmeck.* 40
"Who it is I met at eve, With winsome face and simple dress."
As will be seen, it requires a high soprano voice. Will be a very effective concert song.

Speed the Plow. Song of the Grangers. Song and Chorus. G. 2. d to F. *Merton.* 30
"Then speed the plow, the mighty plow, And bless our homes so dear."
An easy going, spirited song for the farmers.

Instrumental.

Gov. Rutherford B. Hayes' Grand March. With Portrait. E. 2. *Mack.* 40
The fine portrait on the title will be valued as a fair presentation of the features of the distinguished candidate. The music is decidedly good.

Forest Scenes. (Complete). *Schumann.* 1.50
Already noticed in the [9] separate numbers. A fine classic collection.

Susinetta Waltz. F. 2. *Shepherd.* 30
Very pretty and easy.

La Creole Galop. D. 3. *Aronson.* 40
A neat arrangement from Offenbach's opera.

Fun in a Fog. Galop Brillante. F. 3. *Knight.* 35
Doubtless this brilliant dance would create as much "fun" as any other. But don't dance out in the fog. Unhealthy.

Merry Thought. Capriccio. Eb. 4. *Jules de Sivrai.* 50
The "merry" idea is admirably carried out, the piece being full of lightness and grace.

Minnie Waltzes. 3. *Miss Draper.* 60
Three fine waltzes, with the customary prelude and coda.

One Hundred Years ago. Reverie. C. 4. *Mack.* 40
Full of rich harmonies, and rather bright than "pensive," as the name "reverie" might suggest.

Petite Marie. (Little Bride) Waltzes. 3. *Aronson.* 60
Pretty waltzes from Offenbach's opera.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5, c to E" means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter, c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

